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The Carolina Spartan.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER.

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Correspondence of the Spartan.

RUSK CO., TEXAS, July 10, 1860.

DEAR SPARTAN: Having been unemployed for the last three weeks, owing to a protracted drought that has prevailed in this and adjacent counties, I am thrown in a row with the most of the farmers, but little to do; or at least but little that can be done to profit; and thinking oft of the land of my nativity and my former associates and friends, I had a disposition to spend a few of my unprofitable moments giving them a short communication through your columns, though I have never at any time before attempted to write anything for publication. But knowing that many of your citizens anticipate migration to the "Lone Star State," I wish them to be informed of the alarming condition of most all Eastern Texas in regard to breadstuffs. It is true enough food can yet be had to keep all the animal kingdom on foot; but I don't think I would be justifiable in saying, that all get enough to keep their digestive organs constantly at work. They become so active after a person remains in this State a while, that they can perform the functions assigned them with despatch, and generally grind out and crave something more to operate upon before the accustomed time arrives to give them fresh supplies. But the great and absorbing question is, how are these supplies to be kept up till another crop can be made? Wheat was nearly a failure; oats a failure; corn, a failure; and cotton will be a failure if we do not get rain in a short time; and there is no prospect of that. It is now throwing off the shapes, and the first bolls opening. The grass is parching up rapidly, and without rain will soon fail to give a support to the milch cows of this country; and that will curtail our means of sustenance. For the milk and butter consumed here is an important item—nearly half the support of many families.

This is indeed a serious time, and will be an epoch long to be remembered by all who are within its bounds. But it is the first year this county has failed to make enough to support itself since it has been settled. The oldest settlers in this county have lived here about twenty-two years, and their testimony is, that the corn crop has not been a failure before since they settled in the county, though it was frequently cut off more or less; but not as subject to serious injury from the annual droughts as the cotton crop. This country, according to the testimony of those who live here, nearly invariably has a drought in the latter part of the summer season—July and August. Corn is generally matured by that time enough to make good crops; but cotton crops are cut off.

Notwithstanding the history of this country goes to prove that it is more subject to drought than some of the Eastern States, yet it possesses inducements to citizenship that many of them do not. The State allows its citizens a Homestead of two hundred acres of land, five cows and calves, one horse, enough provisions for one year's support, and all their household furniture.

Here each citizen is esteemed according to worth and merit, and not according to family distinctions, and the amount of property he is in possession of. Here the mass of people inform themselves on all points at issue, and act according to their own convictions of right and wrong, and not according as Mr. A. or B. would say.

If money is needed to carry on an important internal improvement that will be beneficial to its citizens, they come up to the work with unity of strength, each man willing to bear his part. They are not like your citizens were about the Extension of the Spartanburg and Union Railroad, raise a hue and a cry, and say, we are called upon to subscribe to an unimportant work—that road can never be beneficial to us. That was a very erroneous notion, I think. No road has ever been built that was not beneficial to the section of country through which it passed.

It is unnecessary for me here to set forth wherein the citizens of Spartanburg would have been benefitted by the completion of the Greenville and French Broad Railroad. That has already been shown them, but they were not open to conviction, or acted blindly to their own interest.

Now, in my humble opinion, the Extension of the Spartanburg and Union Railroad was an all-important matter to the citizens of Spartanburg and to the State at large—one in which all should have been deeply interested, because the completion of that work would have redounded to their mutual benefit and commercial prosperity. But there were so many moon calves, curmudgeons, and old fogies, they would not have it. They say, if we build the road we are giving up the reins of democracy, submitting to a taxation imposed upon us by our legislators to carry on (to our District) an unprofitable work.

The plan upon which that road was offered your citizens was the most judicious one that could have been offered them. The completion of that work, all ought to have seen, would have been of incalculable interest; and, inasmuch as all would have been equally benefitted, should not all have been willing to pay something to build it? Strictly speaking, I do not think the plan offered to build the road ought to have been considered a taxation. The tax-payers were only asked to subscribe in proportion to what they were worth the sum of 37 per cent. on their general tax—merely showing the amount for each to pay to build the road. No one could have scarcely felt the amount. The citizens of Spartanburg remind me of some of our Baptist brethren, belonging to a beautifully-situated church in your District. If it were left to a vote with them, they would vote away the preacher before they would pay him anything for preaching. I think it is a wise thing that so many elections are kept out of the hands of the people, since they have voted out of existence an important railroad. No telling what they would not vote away. They voted away the Homestead Law, or were so much opposed to it, the Legislature repealed it to satisfy them. I should not be surprised at all to hear they had voted away the road already completed to Spartanburg C. H. The stockholders of that road had better be very vigilant, and not let the interest of that road come to a test vote.

I wish my friends well, and my enemies no harm; but, in good faith, I think it would be nothing but right for the Legislature of South Carolina to appropriate funds for the completion of the Blue Ridge Road. If they are not willing to have the profits of railroad extension themselves, is it not right that they should help to extend where they are willing to have extension? By the time the citizens of Spartanburg pay their part of a million or two dollars to the building of that road they will come to their milk.

We have a railroad now located from the Sabine Pass to Henderson, the county site of Rusk county—a distance of two hundred miles. The citizens of Rusk county were only asked to subscribe one hundred thousand dollars, and in one month after the books were opened they had subscribed two hundred thousand dollars. The stockholders of the whole route then called a meeting and made an estimate of the probable amount of cost—made it twelve thousand dollars per mile, and found they already had subscribed twelve thousand and five hundred per mile. So you see the citizens of Rusk county come up to the work with a bold front. In the whole route of our road there are no water courses to cross and but little heavy grading.

In famines like the present this State thinks of her citizens. The Legislature of Texas no doubt will suspend the collection of debts by law, till the farmers can raise some commodities for marketing and bring some circulating currency into the country to liquidate debts. Bank [illegible] suspend the holding [illegible] till breadstuffs are [illegible]

The farmers here are [illegible] in the day of trouble, but the [illegible] made by the State or county for the [illegible] will have to "go to grass" or some other good country. Perhaps more in the future.

CARELESS.

MAN A MONKEY.—The American Journal of Science and Arts, conducted by the Professors Silliman and J. D. Dana, and published at New Haven, Conn., has an article by Professor Theophilus Parsons, in which he maintains that the notion of man being born from an animal does not stand in the way of positive revelation, and is not in opposition to all religious beliefs. He admits that man is superior in degree to animals, and is immortal, which they are not. He is not sure, however, that animals hereafter will continue without souls. He assures us that he would not be disturbed by the discovery, if science should hereafter demonstrate that the gorilla or the chimpanzee had given birth to offspring so organized that it could be inspired with the breath of spiritual and immortal life—had become the subject of all the attributes of human nature. The learned professor is also of opinion that religion would in no wise be disparaged, even if science should hereafter solve a great problem in ethnology, and account for the different races of men, by showing that the brown orang-outang that lives among the brown Malays was their progenitor; the black gorilla the father of the black races, among whom he is still found; other *simiæ* the parents of other human families; and some one fairer than the rest the ancestor of the Circassians, whose superiority over their progenitor was so great, that they had rooted him out from the earth. All this the Professor professes to believe is in entire harmony with the book of Genesis and with reason and common sense. This disciple of Darwin is suffered to be at large in New Haven, and, as he is considered perfectly harmless, there is no prospect that a writ *de lunatico inquirendo* will be issued.

[*Richmond Despatch.*

BELL RINGING UNPRECEDENTED.—The Cincinnati Commercial, (Republican,) speaking of the Bell and Everett procession in that city, says:

"They came an army with bells, all sorts of bells, all kinds of bells, every variety of bells, big bells and little bells, house bells and hall bells, dinner bells and cow bells, bells miscellaneously, sheep bells and supper bells, auctioneers' bells and bells for lost children, (to ring in the truants,) plantation bells and church bells, sleigh bells and breakfast bells, together with all sorts, sizes and kinds of bells. Such an intolerable din never split the ears of humanity before. It was worse than forty-six iron foundries all going at once."

A man "behind the times" should feed on catch up.

OUR STORY.

From the New York Mercury.

THE CATACOMBS OF ROME.

A Tale of the Second Christian Century.

The traveler who visits the Rome of today, if a classic scholar and antiquarian, occupies himself with the ruins of ancient Rome—that "Mother of Dead Empires." The ruined temples, triumphal arches, inscriptions, medals, coins, are full of interest to him. Seated on the summit of the Capitoline Hill, or on the ramparts of the Coliseum, he rebuilds the ancient city, making it rise around him in massive grandeur as it stood in the days of the Cæsars.

The artist who visits Rome spends his time in the galleries of pictures and statuary; or, if he visits the churches, it is to visit "The Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo; "The Transfiguration" of Rafael; the wonderful frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, or the works of art that crowd St. Peter's. He cares little for the Rome of two thousand years ago, or the Rome of to-day, except in so far as they contribute in the enjoyment of his favorite pursuit.

While there is a Rome for the artist and another for the antiquary, there is a third Rome for the Christian visitor—a Rome of three hundred churches, with St. Peter's, a world in itself, and the treasures accumulated through fifteen centuries in the Vatican. In this he finds a world which occupies all his attention. And when he has seen all that presents itself upon the earth's surface, we find that there is another Rome beneath the ancient city—the Rome of the Catacombs.

Why these excavations were made originally no history informs us. But in the second century of our era, they were used by the Christians in Rome as places of refuge from persecution, of secret worship, and for the burial of the dead. Here were deposited the bones of the martyrs, the bones of those who were devoured by the wild beasts in the amphitheatre, and the ashes of those who were burned at the stake.

These catacombs are of great extent. There are long galleries, with recesses on each side for burial, looking like the tiers of berths in our steamboats. When the body or relics was deposited, the recess was walled up and plastered over with cement, and the inscription, giving the name and age of the deceased, and commending his soul to the prayers of the faithful, was carved in stone or made in the soft mortar. Lamps are found which were kept lighted before the graves of the martyrs, either as a mark of veneration, or to light those who came there to pray; and in many of those tombs are found phials of martyrs blood, and the instruments of their torture.

The curious reader, who cannot go to Rome, will find in the Astor Library, and can see, if he finds the librarian in good humor, two or three large folio volumes, in which the galleries, chapels, tombs and relics of the catacombs are represented with a masterly ability. The chapels of the second and third centuries, even in these subterranean regions, he will find ornamented with pictures, which show the early attention given to Christian art, and the elaborate ornamentation by the historical and emblematic pictures, of places of Christian worship.

Our story opens in the second century. Marcus Aurelius Antonius the philosopher, was emperor. A fierce and general persecution drove the christians to the catacombs. The necessities of gaining a livelihood compelled them to attend to their business and labors; but their churches above ground were deserted, and the mysteries of religion celebrated by the graves of the martyrs in the bowels of the earth. Many were thrown into prison—many were tortured and slain.

At this period, and at frequent intervals during the three first centuries, the pagan who was zealous in his own worship—the malicious man who wished to gratify a spite against his neighbor, or the plunderer who coveted his worldly possessions—had only to denounce him to the public authorities, if he was a Christian, to satisfy his zeal, his malice, or his cupidity.

Octavian, an officer of the emperor's household, proud of his rank, his wealth and his position, as a favorite of the good and philosophical emperor, distinguished himself by his talent and zeal; and in no way more than by the activity with which he pursued the enemies of the old religion, enshrined in the history, literature, and arts of Rome.

In one of his expeditions against the Christians, he entered the house of Agrippa, a citizen of high position, who had been accused as a convert to the new and despised faith. He did not find him. There were Christians everywhere, even in the imperial palace, and one of them had warned Agrippa of his danger.

But in place of a Christian, whom he would have joyfully dragged to prison, to be consigned in turn to the torture and the wild beasts, Octavian found a young lady, whose beauty was accompanied with a sweetness which alarmed the young and susceptible officer.

As he knocked for admittance, she met him at the gate. His soldiers were scattered around the mansion to prevent escape. Calm and sweet, with an air of purity and of resignation, the maiden met him:

"You seek my father," she said. "He is not here."

"Do you know where he is?" asked the officer, gazing at her with an admiration he cared not to conceal.

"If I knew, would you ask a daughter to betray her father?"

"That father is accused of being a member of an infamous and superstitious sect, which is endeavoring to undermine and destroy our ancient religion."

"My father," said Claudia, "belongs to no sect, and nothing infamous can attach itself to the name of Agrippa."

"Is not your father a Christian? Does he not worship a man who was executed as a malefactor?"

"Again you ask a daughter to betray her father. When you have found him, he shall answer for himself. He is a man of truth, and will not deceive you."

Surprised at the mingled dignity and sweetness of the beautiful maiden, Octavian was forced to withdraw, baffled in his search. But he could not forget her. She came like a vision. He could see the flash of her face, as she had defended her father; and he asked himself the question, which he had not been able to ask her, so awed had he been by her presence: "Can she also be one of these Christians whom we have undertaken to exterminate off the face of the earth?"

Her image sank deeper and deeper into his heart. Her presence—her sphere, as modern philosophers have termed it—her spiritual being had impressed itself upon his memory and heart in ineffacable characters. A sensuous woman makes her impression upon the sensual nature. An intellectual one impresses the intellect; but a pure, high, spiritual, loving woman goes home to the most sacred recess of the human heart; and when it is said that the Greeks and Romans know little of the love of sentiment, we must remember that the reason is, that there were but few women fitted to inspire it.

The persecution raged on. Octavian was not so zealous as formerly; but the taunts of his companions spurred him forward. One day one of his spies brought him word that he had found the entrance to one of the secret hiding-places of the Christians. Losing no time, he took a file of soldiers, and following his guide, came to the entrance of one of the catacombs. They descended to the dark passages, their steps lighted by torches. Octavian read the inscriptions on the graves of the martyrs of past eras of persecution. He heard music in the far distance, sounding as if it came from the bowels of the earth. Then came the smoke of incense. Following the guide with stealthy steps, they came to a subterranean chapel crowded with worshippers. They were all upon their knees in a posture of adoration, while a white-haired old priest, robed in flowing vestments, stood before an altar, made of a martyr's tomb.

The armed men gathered in the dark space in the back of the chapel, for the altar was lighted with tapers, and lamps were suspended from the ceiling. All was hushed in a profound silence for a few moments. Then the worshippers rose, and a woman, turning her head, saw the soldiers, and was surprised into a shriek.

The venerable priest turned from the altar, and approached Octavian.

"Is it I for whom you search?" he asked. "I am ready. Lead on."

But before Octavian could give an order to his soldiers, another form stood before him. Claudia, in her white purity—Claudia, in her more than mortal beauty, as it seemed to Octavian, threw herself between him and the aged priest, and said:

"I am the one he seeks. Look upon me. I am a Christian. Carry me to your judges; bring me to the emperor. You will need no proof—I avow it. I am a Christian. Leave the old man—leave these poor people. You want a victim—I will follow you."

Agrippa, her father, took her gently by the arm, and said:

"Not so, my child. What can he have against thy youth and innocence? It is I for whom he seeks. This is he who sought for me at home. Here I am, sir; you shall not be a second time disappointed."

Alas! for Octavian. The spy who had brought him was also a spy upon him, and would not fail to give notice of any lack of fidelity to the emperor and the laws. The soldiers, too, acting under his orders, might report against him, he had no choice but to arrest some one, and how could he refuse those who offered themselves?

With a pang which went to his heart, Octavian ordered the soldiers to arrest the priest and Agrippa.

"Will you not arrest me also?" asked Claudia. "Where are my fetters?" said she, holding up her little hands with a smile.

"Let men answer for their deeds," said Octavian. "We need not burthen ourselves with women."

"I go with my father and my priest!" said the heroic girl. Who will hinder me?"

She knew that it was to the prison. If she refused to sacrifice to the gods, it was to torture, or those more infamous and terrible outrages so much worse than any tortures to the Christian maiden, and which pagan Rome did not hesitate to inflict. And there was death—she knew it well. All knew it, and yet there ensued this extraordinary spectacle. Men, women, and even children, pressed forward, and said: "Take me also!" and held out their hands to the barbarians.

Octavian drove them back, and ordered the soldiers to take the prisoners he had selected. He could not hinder Claudia from going by the side of her father. If he could but have taken her and flown—there was no such possibility. He was compelled to lead on to the prison, and he had no power to resist, when the peerless Claudia, holding the hand of her father, said to the jailor: "I also am a Christian—lock me up with my father."

Octavian, filled with love, remorse and despair, went to the palace of the emperor and made his report. He could not stay the course of what Rome considered justice. He knew the course of the trial, for he had been a witness to many such. He knew the tortures that would be applied to that delicate woman, scarcely more than a child, and he knew, also, and shrank in agony from the far more horrible outrages to which she might be exposed.

The trial was over. The aged priest, the father of his beloved, and she whose image never left him night or day, were sentenced "to the lions." What a joy to Rome—*Christianos ad leones!* The old cry rang out once more from the ferocious Roman mob. The Christians to the lions!

Octavian resolved to make one effort to save them. He threw himself upon his knees before the good emperor—the wise emperor, and begged him to pardon these three Christians.

"Three Christians!" said the philosophic Marcus Aurelius. "Why should we forgive three Christians? Have they been tried!"

"Yes, sir."

"Condemned?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then they must be punished. Who ever hears of a Christian being pardoned? The religious tranquillity of the empire requires that the impious sect should be exterminated."

No more hope. The day came; the emperor went to the amphitheatre, and Octavian attended him. The old priest, standing in the midst of the arena, his hands spread out in prayer, was devoured by a great Numidian lion. Agrippa, father of Claudia, sunk under the spring of a ferocious tiger; and as his bones were heard to crackle in his jaws, seventy thousand Romans sent up shouts of triumph and applause.

But even this blood-thirsty mob was hushed to silence, which gave place to a murmur of admiration when Claudia, pale as a lily, but with a higher beauty than ever, walked with a graceful dignity into the arena. She gazed around a moment, her eye pausing with a look of tender pity on the group of officers behind the emperor.—Then she looked up to Heaven in which, alone she trusted, and which now seemed open to receive her.

Two lions bounded forward from the two sides of the arena. But they had not half-way reached her, when an officer of the imperial suite sprang into the arena, and quick as lightning was at her side. The emperior, who was not a cruel man, made a sign to rescue them. It was too late. Before the guards could gain the arena, two more martyrs had moistened its sands with their mingled blood—two more souls had ascended to heaven.

The Zouaves in New York.

The Zouaves from Chicago are making a sensation in New York. They gave a public exhibition at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, which was attended by a very large audience, composed principally of ladies. The Tribune thus describes their exhibition:

The soldiers of the Twelfth, seated in a section of the stockholdery reserved for them, were as much wrought upon by the mechanical effects of the splendidly Zouave ranks as the less intelligent observers. They frequently gave the cue for applause, and were at length so surcharged with generous admiration that they could get no relief but by three cheers and a tiger for the corps. Distinguished military characters, in the private boxes and in the wings of the stage, were equally moved. Spontaneous combustion was the fate of any individual. There was no resisting the regular fall of feet upon the boards, the unfaltering front bearing here and there the sympathy of all the arms of all the finger-ends that controlled and operated them, the certainty of response to the most delicate call, the dash and ardor of the young men, the pictures quenessf their every attitude, the happy lightness of their carriage, the novelty of many of their tactics, the confidence of their boyish captain. Several new wonders of discipline were revealed—a sharp support of arms; a side step for symmetrical position; a silent drill of loading and firing at will, the looks clicking one click, and the butts rapping one rap; a lock step in which, linked by each other's arms, the corps moved like some novel snake, coiling and dragging in its length. There were rare advances to the very footlights, and orderly dispersions when clashing seemed certain, attitudes taken so suddenly that the breath was held, and brilliant exploits beyond the reach even of the simplest description. The exercises were divided into five parts, the intervals of which were filled with music; none of it, of course, was martially distinctive. Unused to such confinement, the actors suffered greatly from the heat, and imbibed copiously of the iced water provided behind the scenes. Several were forced to withdraw from service by inability to keep their feet upon the polished floor.

The proue movements were those that most excited all the people. Several had not been seen before. The lively turn-down of the men, vulgarly designated the "belly-movement," (although, truly, the word was more used than either stomach or abdomen in the period of Jonah and the original Prince of Wales, and was deemed quite proper,) provoked hilarity. But the response to the orders to load and fire in horizontal position was, perhaps, the climax of the evening's wonder. Instantaneously the bodies revolved and were face upward, and thus disposed, with precisely as much unanimity as in the common manual of arms, the Zouaves loaded their pieces. While the spectator speculated whether they would be discharged at the low level, another order brought the whole corps to their feet, with all the advantage over the enemies of our country with whom the imagination could easily people the rear of the stage, these having shot clear over the outstretched persons of the gay musketeers. During an entire intermission the men kept the floor, the postures of all being unconstrainedly graceful. Did anybody contrast these incomparable soldiers with the melancholy creatures in uniform which the stage offers as fair representatives of the trade of war, and revert to the sad marches and terrible collisions of the immemorial our who constitute the army of Richard?

Nor must we neglect to mention a very quaint tactics that preceded these tactics on the ground. It was in the lock step. The men were involving without confusion their respective feet, and as stated previously, the line resembled a brilliant serpent. There came an order to halt. The head and tail of the animal came together. At another order it doubled up. This phenomenon was caused by the men suddenly sitting down upon each other's knees, presenting a very pretty problem in the science of equilibrium, and a convenient theory for summer pedestrians to put into practice.

OUR EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.—A sensible correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from New Haven concerning Yale College and its improvements, says:

The changes made in the order of exercises at Yale at the last commencement have given a new character to college life. Looking back from the present, even no farther than one year, the transition seems as sudden as if civilization, by a colossal stride, had brought us down from the feudal times. The very thought of being shocked out of one's dreams at such unseasonable hours as was formerly the "way we had at old Yale," makes one fancy those times of morning and [illegible] prayers to be traditionary, "chapel ruins," and ancient myth, and that the disgraceful conduct connected with the old chapel services were the sacrilegious rites of some far-off barbarous age. Students now have breakfast at 6.30 a. m., prayers at 7.30 a. m., recitation at 8 a. m. where formerly prayers were attended at 5.30 a. m., recitation immediately after, and breakfast at 7 a. m., and such appetites! Chapel exercises only one each day are now what they should be.

ZOUAVE.—The word "Zouave" is generally and incorrectly pronounced as a word of two syllables. It should be spoken as if written *Zwave*, the *a* having the Italian sound as in "fau." The name is derived from the Arabic Zouaoua, a confederacy of the Kabyle tribe, who live on the mountains back of Algiers. The original Zouaves in the French service were composed of Arabs from the country near Algiers.

A thousand dollar carriage, made thirty years ago, at Middletown, for General Jackson to ride in, has recently been sold for sixteen dollars and a half.

Issue in the Presidential Campaign.

The country is now on the verge of the most dangerous crisis in its history. Young, vigorous and prosperous beyond parallel in the world's history, daily expanding its population and multiplying its resources, the republic, to the external observer, presents a most magnificent example to the benefits of her institutions, cherished and supported by a happy, industrious, patriotic and united people. But beneath this fair outside there lurks a hidden danger which threatens, before many years have passed away, to overthrow the fabric, and bury in its ruins the liberties so dearly earned with the blood of our ancestors.

It would be idle to deny that in the present position of our political affairs the dissolution of the confederacy is more than probable. The country is on the eve of that great struggle—that sectional conflict—which was initiated by the old-fashioned abolitionists twenty-five years ago, and the first fruits of which were predicted by Mr. Calhoun immediately before he died. That accomplished and far-seeing statesman declared that the anti-slavery agitation, which had already divided the Baptist, the Methodist and Presbyterian churches, would in due course of time break up all the political parties of the day. And we find that this question did divide and ruin the old whig party, that it killed the Know Nothing or American organization, and that now it has given the death blow to the once powerful and well drilled democratic party. The democratic party has ceased to exist. There are now two great sectional partisan organizations in the United States—the one a Southern party, supporting Mr. Breckinridge, and the other the Northern abolition faction, represented by Mr. Lincoln. These are the only vital parties and real nominations for the consideration of the masses. The other nominations for the Presidency are merely personal, and have no weight. Breckinridge and Lincoln will have the electoral votes; the other candidates will enjoy the empty honor of running for the Presidency and being beaten. The line has been drawn between the two sections of the country, and the struggle for political supremacy on the part of the North, and political equality on the part of the South, has already commenced. * * * * *

That is the real state of the case as it stands.—And now it remains for the conservative men of the Middle and Western States to say what course shall be taken to avert the danger that threatens the country. The question is a most important one. It is far above any party considerations. The matter has gone so far that the politicians have no longer any control over it. At such a time every man should consult interests which are above personal preferences and party ties. We need not paint the horrors which would result from the dissolution of the Union. We need not point to the inevitable money panic, the breaking down of the commercial, mining and manufacturing interests of the Union. All this suggests itself to the mind of every man who has anything at stake in the country. We may, however, suggest that the only way by which the peace of the country can be preserved is by uniting all the opposition against Lincoln upon one candidate—the one who alone is sure of the Southern States. If the conservative men of the North can be aroused to a sense of their danger, so as to combine for Mr. Breckinridge, then Lincoln may be defeated; but, on the other hand, if the black republican candidate should be elected, we can expect nothing but renewed and more bitter agitation, ending finally in the disruption of the confederacy and consequent downfall of the republic. Men and brethren, ponder upon these things?—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE MAN IN THE SUN.—"The man in the moon" is no stranger, but the man in the sun is a personage with which we are less familiar.

The Gentlemen's Magazine, London, for June, 1815, announces, under the head of "foreign occurrences," that "the newspapers, both in America and England, have noticed the remarkable circumstance of an extraordinary phenomenon in the sun.

The following is an authentic and correct account, for the truth of which Capt. Hayes, of his majesty's *Majestic*, and the whole of his officers and ship's company may be appealed to: On the morning of the 27th August, 1813, the *Majestic*, being then off Boston, the men on board observed, at the rising of the sun, the complete figure of a man in the centre of that luminary, with a flag divided by three lines in his hand. He was first on his back, but as day advanced, he gradually assumed an erect position, and at midday he stood upright, towards evening he as gradually declined, descending with his flag head foremost.

"On the 28th it retained the same outline, but had become a skeleton. On the 29th the figure was disjointed, and its parts gradually assumed the appearance of six separate flags, united in a circle by an apparent cord or line. After this nothing more was observed in the sun's disc but a few small spots. The American papers notice only the extraordinary appearance of the sun on the above mentioned days. Perhaps the observers on the continent were not in a position to catch the precise appearance which the particles of matter presented to the ship's company of the *Majestic*. There could be no optical delusion on the occasion, as the phenomenon was observed by so many different eyes, and for so long a time. The first figure was seen during the whole of the 27th, the skeleton on the whole of the 28th, and the flags during a great part of the 29th."

It is said, on the authority of official statistics, that there are at present in Europe 18,140 actors, 21,609 actresses, 1733 managers of theatres; and the number of persons attached, in one way or another, to dramatic establishments, amounts to 82,246.